



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

ART. V.—*Lawrie Todd ; or, The Settlers in the Woods.* By JOHN GALT, Esq. New York. 1830.

This book is replete with profound practical wisdom, conveyed in a vigorous and massy style. This is a high character to give of the story of a nail-maker, who is finally elevated to the rank of a shop-keeper, and land-jobber in the interior of New York ; but we think it is, nevertheless, a very just one, and we are the more pleased with the author, for the reason that he can, without the help of moving incidents by sea or land, or the pageantry of fashion or rank, but by merely following an every-day character through a series of every-day fortunes, with only here and there a slight stretch of probability, invest with a moral and philosophical dignity, and a poetical interest, the passions, motives, interests and endeavors, that from day to day move and trouble the veritable world. Fictions so written are more true than history, and no less instructive than experience, and it is only to the least reflecting minds, that they are dry and barren ; to such minds, as to those of children and uncivilised men, purple robes, burnished armor, gorgeous pageants, and showers of diamonds and pearls, are subjects of a more lively admiration. These toys excite the imaginations of the frivolous, who do not perceive that the lily, in its array of beauty, surpasses the glory of Solomon. Rank, power, and wealth, like dress, are something exterior and incidental to the man, whose mind, manners, sentiments, passions, and moral qualities, are, after all, the true and worthy objects of a generous interest ; and whether they are exhibited in a high or humble station, are still a part of that human nature, which concentrates all that is permanently interesting in this world. In a story, therefore, whether it be history or fiction, whether the purpose be entertainment or instruction, the material question is, not how fashionable, rich, or powerful are the actors, or how much space they fill in the world, but what are their qualities and characteristics.

Mr. Galt has a way of conducting his plot, peculiar to himself, or rather he has no plot at all, for there is, in his stories, no concentration of action and incident to any particular consummation, at which the interest terminates. The reader is not borne along and absorbed by a continually increasing curiosity and anxiety, that put him upon the rack,

until he is reprieved by the happy turn of things, or knows the worst, and acquiesces in the decrees of destiny, as recorded by his author, with a becoming resignation. Mr. Galt's scenes, though more or less blended, are by no means woven together in one series of action, with a uniform tendency, disguised until the *denouement* explains all; but they are detached, in a great degree, in interest, and in the main are not linked as causes and consequences. The principal connexion in the incidents consists in their happening to the same persons. We do not mention this as a material defect in his stories, nor as indicating any want of talent in the author; for of all the causes of interest in a tale, the mere curiosity to know the end is the most ordinary and superficial, and it is quite a subordinate achievement of genius to accumulate obstacles, and carry the actors further and further from the haven, until by a lucky change of the wind, they make the port under full sail. It is one of the surest indications of talent, to be able to keep up the reader's excitement, without distressing him with too great an anxiety about the catastrophe. A journey is more interesting when the way is beguiled by successive incidents, which commence and end independently of each other, than when all the hopes and fears, pleasures and pains, relate to the accommodations of the inn at which it terminates. Mr. Galt's stories are remarkable for the thickly-crowding incidents, the prominent and striking characteristics of the personages, the reality of the sentiments, and the force, and occasionally pathos of the style. His reflections are usually just, and his thoughts often original, with an uninterrupted facility and buoyancy in the progress of the story, but not without occasional freedom in the language and incidents, a little alarming to fastidious readers; for the author seems to be by no means inclined to balk his narrative, or to suppress a good thing from excessive scrupulousness.

Mr. Galt professes to write this story for instruction, no less than amusement; it being, as he says, a shadowy and subdued outline of the history and localities of Rochester, in New-York; and he remarks in his introduction, that 'a description, which may be considered authentic, of the rise and progress of a successful American settlement, cannot but be useful to the emigrant, who is driven to seek a home in the unknown wilderness of the woods.' The emigrant, in this case, is the son of a poor, but industrious Scotchman, of Bon-

nytown, 'who, with hard labor, constancy, and the fear of God, followed the trade of a nail-maker; a presbyterian of the old leaven of the covenant.' Lawrie, his son, began existence with very slender promise of its blessings, being long sickly and crippled, from neglect in his infancy. By virtue, principally, of sunshine and exercise, for his diet seems to have been very scanty, he at length became a brisk nail-maker, and a sturdy, though *wee* debater in the republican society of some dozen and a half boys, who proposed to introduce the French revolution into Scotland. Lawrie professes to have been an eloquent spouter, with the prospect of becoming a finished orator in this patriotic body, when the officers of justice put an end to all their bright visions of parliamentary reform, and the restoration of the unalienable rights of man, by marching them off to Edinburgh. Our young reformer's patriotic exultation was not at all heightened by the exclamation of an old woman, as he was, with the rest, paraded along the streets of the city, 'Losh preserve's! But the king maun be a coward, if he's frightened for sic a modiwart,' (meadow-mole.) He had the good fortune to escape from this peril of life and limb, after being complimented by the king's advocate with the appellation of 'ragged scarecrow,' and he survived to serve his country again in the manufacture of wrought nails.

Having arrived at the momentous period of life, which transforms boys into men, he and his brother took passage for America in the good ship *Providence*, then lying at the port of Leith, having for outfits a chest of *things*, their father's blessing, and twenty shillings apiece. Thus, excepting Scotland, which they left behind, they had the world all before them, where to choose their place, not of rest, but of labor in nail-making; but, 'like Adam and Eve, when driven out of the garden of Eden, they had Providence for their guide, as that solemn-sounding gong of the Gospel, John Milton, bears testimony.' On coming to anchor in the harbor of New York, on the 16th of June, A. D. 1794, about ten o'clock in the morning, with three shillings and sixpence of their patrimonial outfit remaining, they began to collect information respecting the business of nail-making in the new world; but their hearts were 'struck with a snow-ball,' when they were told 'that a machine for cutting nails out of iron hoops had been recently set up, by which the Americans were of opinion they would soon have the supplying of the whole world with nails.' Their spirits

were cheered up, however, by proposals for employment, one of which they accepted, and they soon found themselves hammering their way in the world with great activity.

Our young hero, and his *Fidus Achates*, proceeded very prosperously in their vocation in the nail-making line, until one morning Lawrie met in the street a young lady 'about five feet seven inches' high, with 'a pale face, erect carriage, slow solemn step, in a small black beaver-hat, with two cords on each side to turn up the brim enough to show her ears, and long flaxen hair;' to wit, the future Mrs. Todd; so that what with nail-making a-nights, tending a small grocery by day, and courtship into the bargain, Lawrie had business enough on his hands; two branches of which, however, he proposed to merge in matrimony; namely, the courtship and the retailing, which latter was to be transferred to Miss Rebecca, after her transformation into Mrs. Todd. The ceremony of her baptism is very well described.

'When I beheld her tall, slender, and erect form, with slow and measured steps, move up the middle aisle, dressed in a white robe in maidenly simplicity; when I saw her stand serene in the midst of a vast congregation, and give the regular tokens of assent to the vows which Dr. Mason, in a solemn and affecting voice, laid upon her, while all the congregation seemed hushed in the stillness of death; when I saw her untie the black ribbon under her chin that held on her hat, whilst the minister was descending from the pulpit to administer the ordinance; when I saw her hands hanging straight by her sides, one holding her hat, and the other a white handkerchief; when I saw her turn up her face to Heaven, and calmly close her eyes as the minister prepared to pour the consecrated symbol of grace; and when I saw her wipe the pearly drops, I thought that her gentle countenance shone as with a glorious transfiguration, and I swore in my heart, that with the help of the Lord, nothing but death should part us.' p. 33.

The author gives his principal character very deep religious impressions; he is devoutly persuaded that all his fortune, particularly his adversities, are especially ordered for his good; and much interest and beauty are given to this part of the story, by tinging the clouds of misfortune with the rays of religion. The prevalence of the yellow fever, and the death of Rebecca after the birth of a son, give occasion for the display of his deep moral sentiments and strong religious faith,

which are maintained through the book, and at the same time blended with sufficient temporal sagacity. The author shows an intimate observation of human nature, in exemplifying in his principal character, how strong and sincere religious opinions and sentiments may be unconsciously modified and accommodated to the circumstances and interests of the person, by whom they are entertained.

A personage is next introduced, upon whom the author seems to have bestowed some pains, namely, Mr. Zerobabel L. Hoskins, who was 'in his way, something of a Yankee oddity.' The general conception of this character is a little out of the common course, but he is ably sustained through the story, and though a caricature, is not so unlike any man that ever lived in this world, as to be entirely a figment of the author's brain. Having accidentally formed an acquaintance with our hero, Zerobabel politely proposes to supply the place of the deceased Rebecca by giving him in second nuptials his niece Judith; and after some amicable negotiations, the arrangement takes effect. We are afterwards carried through the adventures of the grocery business, the seed business, and the Jersey farm, to the catastrophe of Lawrie's concerns in New-York during the embargo and non-intercourse, when he is entirely ruined, and obliged to surrender at discretion to his creditors. His uncle Hoskins generously comes to his aid at this crisis, and supplies him with the means of beginning the world again.

He now proceeds to the new settlements, to which his attention was called by Mrs. Micklethrift, on board a North River steam-boat, who gave him much good advice in regard to emigration, particularly recommending to emigrants not to encumber themselves with chests of drawers and other cumbrous articles of furniture in their migration into the wilderness. Accordingly we soon find Lawrie lodged in the forest, fifteen miles from the nearest settlement, and, as we are to suppose from the preface, somewhere about the region of the present town of Rochester. This new settlement, being the nearest approach yet made by civilization towards their proposed 'location,' might, it seems to us, be the subject of a more graphic and distinctly colored description, than that given by the author.

'Of all the sights in this world the most likely to daunt a stout heart, and to infect a resolute spirit with despondency, that of a newly-chopped tract of the forest certainly bears away the bell. Hundreds on hundreds of vast and ponderous trees covering the

ground for acres, like the mighty slain in a field of battle, all to be removed, yea, obliterated, before the solitary settler can raise a meal of potatoes, seemingly offer the most hopeless task which the industry of man can struggle with. My heart withered as I contemplated the scene, and my two little boys came close to me, and inquired with the low accents of anxiety and dread, if the moving of these enormous things was to be our work. Fortunately, before I had time to answer their question, a sudden turn of the road brought us in sight of the village, where the settlers in all directions were busy logging and burning. The liveliness of this spectacle, the blazing of the timber, and the rapid destruction of the trees, rendered, indeed, any answer unnecessary. They beheld at once, that so far from the work being hopeless, the ground was laid open for tillage even, as it were, while we were looking at it, and we entered Babelmandel reassured in all our hopes.

‘The village as yet consisted but of shanties and log-houses. The former is a hut or wigwam, made of bark laid upon the skeleton of a rude roof, and is open commonly on the one side, nigh to which, during the night, the inmates who sleep within, raise a great fire to keep themselves warm; some say to protect them from wolves and other wild beasts. Notwithstanding the rough appearance of the shanty, it yet affords a shelter with which weary axemen are well content. I never, however, had a right solid sound sleep in one, for, as they are open, I had a constant fear of snakes crawling in upon me; nor was it imaginary, for that very night, the first we passed in Babelmandel, the boys and I being obliged to make our bed on hemlock boughs in a shanty, had not well composed ourselves to rest, when Charley, the youngest, felt something like a man’s finger wimbling in under his neck, and starting up, beheld a large garter snake twisting and twining where he had made his pillow. We were pacified in our alarm, by an assurance that it was of a harmless kind, but truly it will be a long time before I am satisfied that any serpent can ever be a commendable bed-fellow.’ pp. 82, 83.

Our emigrant, having penetrated into the woods with his two boys, erected a cabin on a rising ground near the margin of a river, and within a short distance from a shanty, occupied by a number of backwoodsmen, who had embarked in the same enterprise. Having thus got a substitute for a house over his head, and kindled a fire, Lawrie began to have a foretaste of a very comfortable night; but

‘About three o’clock the skies were dreadfully darkened and overcast. I had never seen such darkness while the sun was

above the horizon, and still the rain continued to descend in cataracts, but at fits and intervals. No man who had not seen the like, would credit the description.

‘Suddenly, a sharp flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous thunder-peal, lightened up all the forest ; and almost in the same moment the rain came lavishing along as if the windows of heaven were opened ; anon, another flash and a louder peal burst upon us, as if the whole forest was rending over and around us.

‘I drew my helpless and poor trembling little boys under the skirts of my great coat.

‘Then there was another frantic flash, and the roar of the thunder was augmented by the riven trees, that fell cloven on all sides in a whirlwind of splinters. But though the lightning was more terrible than scimitars, and the thunder roared as if the vaults of heaven were shaken to pieces and tumbling in, the irresistible rain was still more appalling than either. I have said it was as if the windows of heaven were opened. About sunset, the ground floods were as if the fountains of the great deep were breaking up.

‘I pressed my shivering children to my bosom, but I could not speak. At the common shanty, where there had been for some time an affectation of mirth and ribaldry, there was now silence ; at last, as if with one accord, all the inhabitants rushed from below their miserable shed, tore it into pieces, and ran with the fragments to a higher ground, crying wildly, “The river is rising !”

‘I had seen it swelling for some time, but our shanty stood so far above the stream, that I had no fear it would reach us. Scarcely, however, had the axemen escaped from theirs, and planted themselves on the crown of the rising ground nearer to us, where they were hastily constructing another shed, when a tremendous crash and roar was heard at some distance in the woods, higher up the stream. It was so awful, I had almost said so omnipotent, in the sound, that I started on my feet, and shook my treasures from me. For a moment the Niagara of the river seemed almost to pause—it was but for a moment, for instantly after, the noise of the rending of mighty trees, the crashing and the tearing of the uprooted forest, rose around. The waters of the river, troubled and raging, came hurling with the wreck of the woods, sweeping with inconceivable fury every thing that stood within its scope—a lake had burst its banks.

‘The sudden rise of the water, soon, however, subsided ; I saw it ebbing fast, and comforted my terrified boys. The rain also began to abate. Instead of those dreadful sheets of waves which fell upon us, as if some vast ocean behind the forest was

heaving over its spray, a thick, continued small rain came on, and about an hour after sunset, streaks and breaks in the clouds gave some token that the worst was over—it was not, however, so ; for about the same time a stream appeared in the hollow between the rising ground to which the axemen had retired, and the little knoll on which our shanty stood ; at the same time the waters in the river began to swell again. There was on this occasion no abrupt and bursting noise, but the night was fast closing upon us, and a hoarse muttering and angry sound of many waters grew louder and louder on all sides.

‘The darkness, and the increasing rage of the river, which there was just twilight enough to show was rising above the brim of the bank, smote me with inexpressible terror. I snatched my children by the hand, and rushed forward to join the axemen, but the torrent between us rolled so violently, that to pass was impossible, and the waters still continued to rise.

‘I called aloud to the axemen for assistance ; and when they heard my desperate cries, they came out of the shed, some with burning brands, and others with their axes glittering in the flames ; but they could render no help : at last, one man, a fearless back-woodsman, happened to observe by the fire-light a tree on the bank of the torrent, which it in some degree overhung, and he called for others to join him in making a bridge. In the course of a few minutes the tree was laid across the stream, and we scrambled over, just as the river extinguished our fire, and swept our shanty away.

‘This rescue was in itself so wonderful, and the scene had been so terrible, that it was some time after we were safe, before I could rouse myself to believe I was not in the fangs of a nightmare. My poor boys clung to me as if still not assured of their security, and I wept upon their necks in the ecstasy of an unspeakable passion of anguish and joy.’ pp. 86, 87.

The truth of this description is but too well attested by the details given in the public prints of the recent disasters of a similar kind in Vermont. Having escaped this danger by flood, and made preparations for the coming winter, the settlers of Babelmandel—for this was the name of the new settlement—were in danger of a blight of all their fair hopes, by the no less destructive element of fire. Lawrie Todd had just constructed his house, and brought his wife and children to participate in the privations and hardships and hopes of the back-woods. While they were in the act of celebrating this event in their domestic devotions,

‘A sharp, shrill shriek, wild and piercing, came from the village; imputing it to some frolic among the younger settlers, I heeded it not; it disturbed not the earnestness of our devotion. In less than a minute after, a similar cry was repeated, and caused me to pause in prayer. This was followed by a terrible hissing, hurrying, and crackling noise, something like the rushing sound of many sky-rockets, but immeasurably greater, followed by a hundred vehement voices, screaming “fire!” Starting from my kneeling, I ran to the door in alarm, scarce conceiving what the cry of fire in the wilderness could portend.

‘The woods were on fire! The scene of horror was at some distance behind the house, but the remorseless element was rising and wreathing in smoke and flame on all sides. The progress was as a furious whirlwind; to arrest, or to extinguish, seemed equally impossible.

‘The unfortunate settlers were flying in all directions with their moveables; but the fallen leaves, kindled by the fiery flakes that fell showering around, intercepted their flight, and obliged many to abandon their burdens; for, as with the Egyptian hail, fire ran along the ground: sometimes the flames ascended with a spiral sweep at once from the roots to the topmost boughs of the loftiest trees; at others they burst out in the highest branches at a distance from the general burning, as if some invisible incendiary was propagating the destruction. Aged trunks of hollow elms and oaks took fire within, and blazed out like fountains of flame; and all around the sound, like the rage of a hurricane and the roaring of seas upon a shallow shore, grew louder and louder.’ pp. 94, 95.

The settlement, however, in consequence of a change of wind, escaped the danger, and the settlers were benefited, instead of being injured, by the conflagration, which assisted them to clear away the forest, and bring their lands into cultivation; though Lawrie was less fortunate than the others, in one respect, for his new *framed* house caught fire and was consumed. But he plucked up courage, and, with the help of his neighbors, built another, in which he was enabled, after all, to keep the winter at bay.

The next disaster was a domestic affliction, which he learned on returning home from the neighboring settlement of Olympus.

‘As we approached the shanty, I discovered a light, which did not surprise, but it grieved me, for I augured from it that the child’s sufferings had not been mitigated. As we, however,

drew near, I saw it was a short distance from the shanty, under a large elm, which then stood near the spot where the rivulet falls into the river, and that there was no one in the shanty but Robin, with his arm under his head, asleep; to which, poor lad, he had, no doubt, been soundly invited by his day's hard labor.

'The candle was burning in a niche, scooped for the purpose, in the trunk of the elm, and between us and it I discerned a small rude shed, covered with bark, forming a canopy over a little bed covered with a white towel. My child was dead, and her mother, with the other two sorrowful girls, were sitting in the shadow of the tree, watching the corpse, and wearying for my return.

'As I came close up to them, two men, armed with guns, came from behind the tree. Amidab Peters was one, and a settler, whom I did not know, the other. After speaking a few words of condolence to my wife, I expressed my surprise to Amidab at seeing him there at that time of night and armed, thanking both him and his companion for their attention, and saying I would watch the remainder of the night myself.

'“But one,” said Amidab, “is not sufficient; it will require two, for we have already been twice scared.”

'“Scared!” cried I, “by what? who have we to fear?”

'“The wolves,” replied the stranger, “they scent the dead afar off. We had not been here more than ten minutes, when one looked at us from the other side of the rivulet; we saw him plainly in the moonshine, and scarcely had we frightened him off, when we heard another howling from the opposite bank of the river.”’ pp. 98, 99.

We pass over the installation of the schoolmaster, Herbert (a well-imagined and well-sustained character), Lawrie's being lost in the woods, and other incidents in the progress of the village, and hasten forward to meet our old friend, Hoskins; who is by this time on a visit at Babelmandel for the winter, during which a bear also makes a visit to his new neighbors, and is very near making an end of Hoskins, and ruining the whole plot of the story; but, as it happens, the story is the better for the adventure, and Hoskins, though a little the worse for too hearty an embrace of the new visitor, yet, by the help of his good fortune and Lawrie Todd, armed with an axe, gets off without any mortal hurt, and claims the bear's skin as his trophy.

An arrangement is now made between the uncle and nephew for opening a shop in common, and affairs at Babelmandel begin to wear a promising aspect. Those of the story

are no less prosperous, for it gains an accession of two new characters, in Mr. Baillie Waft, the perpetual tormentor, in a small way, of Mr. Todd, to the end of the chapter, and Mr. Bell, the minister, a powerful preacher, and, at the same time, a gloomy man, of fierce passions, which finally degenerate into a perverse and wicked insanity. Each of them is out of the common course, original and striking, and they are both in general very well managed, and contribute materially to the interest of the story ; to which we must refer our readers for a more particular acquaintance with them, as we have only room to notice in detail the adventures of the leading personage.

The affairs of the shop being put in train, the stirring, adventurous old uncle began to range about the forest day after day. 'Can the old gentleman be looking for a gold mine?' said Mr. Todd to himself. At length a pleasure party of the men, women, and children down the river is projected, and a canoe is shaped and hollowed from the trunk of a large tree for the purpose. But the excursion, as often happens in similar cases, proved any thing but a party of *pleasure* to Lawrie, who was haunted during the whole day with the portentous import of a dream of Baillie Waft, of which he knew nothing, excepting that the Baillie had had a dream. 'I have had a dream,' said the Baillie, as the canoe pushed off from the bank, to which Lawrie gave little heed, but the canoe no sooner began to descend the current, and the delights of the excursion along the winding and gloomily shaded channel to commence, than 'I have had a dream,' echoed to his sensorium. What could it be? Something ominous certainly ; and he had half a mind to paddle back his bark to unfold the mystery, and learn with what dire fates it was freighted ; but the current had by this time borne him out of sight and hearing of the ominous prophet, and he was now too far drawn into the vortex of his destiny to recover himself. He must push forward and learn the dreadful secret by experience, with '*I have had a dream,*' ringing in his ears, during the melancholy intervals of his party of pleasure.

And the Baillie's dream was to some purpose, for they had scarcely proceeded thirty miles in their swift career of delight, under the 'boundless contiguity of shade,' when the steep rocky banks on either side began to pass by them, up-stream, with a quiet and quick rapidity, and the canoe seemed to be seeking the goal of its course by the irresistible impulse of

some mysterious instinct. They had glided a short time with this facile celerity, when the deep-rolling thunder of the cataract below interpreted the Baillie's dream, and revealed to them their fate. They could not resist the current, and by veering towards either side, they would only reach a steep impracticable bank. There is, however, a ray of hope, for Lawrie has, at this crisis, but just got past the middle of the first volume; they might else have gone over the falls. The destiny of the story predominated over the boding of Baillie Waft's dream, in this way: the stream, which seemed to be made for their destruction, had been long undermining a tree on the nearer bank, at some distance below, which, very opportunely for them, just then gently swayed over into the current, still hanging by the roots, on which they had hardly escaped to *terra firma*, when both the tree and the canoe were whirled away in the swift destruction, which had been all but prepared for themselves.

In the course of this adventurous expedition they discover an admirable situation for a new town and determine to found a settlement upon it. Their plans are, however, suspended for a short time by the sickness and decease of Lawrie's wife, which gives occasion to one of the best wrought scenes in the book.

'The fever continued to rise, and on the morning of the fourth day after the departure of Charles and Mrs. Hoskins, Dr. Phials, the medical man, warned me to look for the worst. Although I had watched the progress of the calamity with an apprehensive heart and an eager eye, I was yet greatly shocked at hearing this, and spoke to her uncle about getting the family brought to see her; but he would not hear of it, because of its uselessness, and the expense. He was a man that had more consideration for the common sense of matters and things, than for delicate sensibilities. But for all that he had a sterling heart, and did every thing in his power to lighten my anxiety.

' "I ain't," said he, "slick at the gruelling of sick folks, but I can ride and fetch doctor's stuffs," as he really did; for, one morning, he borrowed a horse from Mr. Hopper, the miller, and rode seventeen miles for a supply of Jesuits' bark, which could not be obtained nearer: and he waited on, with great patience, to see the upshot of the fever, saying but little to me of his projects while the life remained.

'At last, the signals of dissolution began to increase, and hope was banished; but I will not ask the courteous reader to partake

of my distress, though an inward and parental sorrow it was, causing me to grieve more on account of the helplessness in which my two young daughters were to be left motherless, than for the loss I was myself to experience. It was not like the anguish that pierced my heart with barbed shafts, when the beautiful spirit of the beloved Rebecca was wafted away into the regions of light and love ; but it was a black and heavy sense of a calamity, admonishing me to summon up my fortitude, and to bow the head of resignation to the will of Him that giveth and taketh away.

‘ The time of departure was visibly come. It was about two hours after sunset. The patient wrestled strongly against being carried so suddenly away, for she knew her condition, and often in her struggles cried piteously for her children, stretching out her arms as if she saw them standing by. Hers, indeed, was a parent’s heart ; and the landlady, being of the Methodist line, was disturbed that she should seem to think more of her forlorn daughters, than of the glories of the paradise on which she herself was about to enter—but Mrs. Petrekins had never been a mother.

‘ Sometimes the victorious adversary of life paused, as if wearied with the contest, and prostrate nature on those occasions seemed to rally, but the intervals of respite grew shorter and shorter. The helps were no longer administered, for they could not mitigate her sufferings. We stood round the bed watching and silent, as feebler and feebler the flashes of the burnt-out candle were sinking in the socket.

‘ With the last, she turned to the old man, saying, “ Be kind to my babies,” and drawing a long deep sigh, lay still forever.

‘ During all this time Mr. Hoskins stood on the side of the bed opposite to me, looking calmly on ; his countenance was unmoved ; and once or twice, when I chanced to turn my eyes toward him, he appeared so cool and phlegmatical, that I felt a pang in my heart, to think her nearest kinsman, on such an occasion, should be so heartless.

‘ All being over, Mrs. Petrekins, the landlady, with another woman whom I had procured to assist, reminded me that we ought to leave the room to them, and I accordingly moved to retire ; but the old man, not having heard them, remained still looking steadily, but with the same seeming indifference, upon the body.

‘ “ Sir,” said Mrs. Petrekins aloud, “ it is necessary that for a time we should have the room cleared,” and she went round and touched him on the arm.

‘ It was like electricity ; it roused him from his stupor with a shudder, and caused him to step two paces backward ; in the

same moment he turned his eye wildly on me, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

‘The sight of that wooden old man, as I had often spoken of him in jocularly, weeping like a woman, and fondling over the face of the corpse with his hand, as if he had been an innocent child gently trying to awaken its sleeping nurse, surprised me with inexpressible grief. Till that time I had been enabled to preserve my self-possession, and to witness the progress of the dispensation with resolute tranquillity; but such tenderness so suddenly discovered in that dry bosom, overwhelmed my fortitude, and forced me also to weep. The women, with the wonted sympathy of their sex, were no less affected. It was some time, and not without remonstrance and entreaty, that they at last succeeded in leading the sorrowful old man away.’ pp. 136—138.

Lawrie and Hoskins then proceed to their ‘spec’ of establishing a new town at the falls, which succeeds wonderfully, so that before the conclusion they ‘have a numerous village of some two or three thousand inhabitants, two religious congregations, a bank, and two newspapers.’ The new town of Judiville thus justifies the pompous ceremonial of its foundation, which was celebrated by the intoxication of Baillie Waft and the firing of sundry wooden cannon, made by Mr. Hoskins expressly for that occasion. We must, however, pass over its history in silence, and omit to notice many good scenes between Lawrie Todd, Hoskins and Baillie Waft, and others, in which Herbert, and the minister, Mr. Bell, bear a part.

One trait in Bell’s character illustrates the penetrating sagacity and just observation of the author. He is made to be savagely austere towards the vices and faults of other persons; a disposition which is too apt to pass with the world as an indication of purity of character, but which is more justly accounted for in this instance from the circumstance that he had himself been guilty of a youthful indiscretion, and still harbored in his bosom the fiercest and blackest passions, which he in vain endeavored to assuage and control. ‘We would not intimate, that persons of sincere rectitude of purpose, and a virtuous and benevolent nature, regard the vices and moral delinquencies of others with complacency or indifference; they are on the contrary kindly solicitous to reclaim wanderers by earnest persuasion unmingled with hate or bigotry, and even to punish where humanity to the community dictates a severe justice upon the offender. But a busy, meddling, per-

secuting intolerance, or a fierce, gloomy indignation against every seeming deviation from good laws and exemplary manners, are unequivocal indications of latent, unsubdued depravity of nature.

A contrast is made in this respect between Herbert, who is really of a good disposition, tempered with discretion, and Bell, who is a gloomy Protestant inquisitor, of wicked austerity. Todd had received a letter from New York, giving him an account of some indiscretion of his son, and his concern in an affair no less serious than a duel. Speaking of Bell, the minister, he says,

‘He was, indeed, a man who looked upon young follies with an austere aspect, so much had he suffered by his own in the outset of life ; and I had by this time discovered, that under a saintly equanimity of manner, he had to manage vehement passions, which were chained, but not subdued. The natural man was yet strong within him ; even in the pulpit, when he prayed to be protected from temptation, there was in his petition a something of energy and dread that thrilled deep among the awfulest sympathies of his hearer’s hearts.

‘It was some time before I could guess at the cause of this prophetic contention, for such it seemed to me ; but when I came to know his wife better, which was not until I had moved to Judville, there could be no doubt that his hearth was an altar of continual self-sacrifice, and that he had patched up a peace with decorum by his marriage, at the expense of his happiness, and the dignity of his mind. All this made him, as it were, inaccessible to the common matters of worldly care ; he was an oracle only to be consulted at solemn times, and in perilous emergencies ; so that I would have been just as well pleased could I have conferred with Mr. Herbert by himself, concerning the contents of Mr. Ferret’s letter.

‘Mr. Herbert came at the bidding, and Charles soon after returned and took a stool in a dark corner of the room unobserved by me, otherwise I would not have permitted him to remain ; for it is not fit that the young hear what the old think of youthful errors.

‘After some light generalities, I handed the letter to Mr. Herbert, and requested him to tell me what he would advise me to do. When he had studiously perused it, he gave it to the Minister, at which I was a little disconcerted, not wishing that he should become exactly a party to the consultation, though he was accidentally present.

‘Mr. Herbert said nothing while Mr. Bell was reading ; but I

was startled when the reverend gentleman, having finished the perusal, laid down the letter on the table, and without making any remark, left the room.

“He takes this matter too seriously,” said Mr. Herbert.

“I wish he had not been here,” was my answer: “but since it has so happened, I will call him back.” Accordingly, I went to the door and brought him in again. Mr. Herbert was the first who broke silence.

“It is not to be disguised,” said he, “that the poor lad has fallen into some irregularities, but it is equally clear he has committed no very heinous offence.”

“Against the world,” interrupted Mr. Bell, sternly; “but what has he done against himself?”

“I trust nothing that requires any particular animadversion,” replied Mr. Herbert, calmly.

“He that spareth the rod, hateth the child,” interposed the Minister, in a still more emphatic strain; and turning to me, added, “Let him be brought home immediately, nor let him enter the world again, till he is better able to take care of himself.”

“I can see nothing in the statement of Mr. Ferret,” said Mr. Herbert, evidently surprised at the Minister’s warmth, “to justify so decided a step; we cannot put old heads on young shoulders; I think, from what I know of the generosity of the boy’s disposition, that a kind admonition from his father will have a great effect.”

“Yes, it will,” replied Mr. Bell; “it will have a great effect—it will be his ruin.”

“I had hitherto said nothing, but there was an abrupt harshness in this that really shocked me, and I could not help remarking that Mr. Ferret’s letter gave no reason to fear any thing so disreputable as to call for punishment.

“No,” rejoined Mr. Herbert; “and if you punish without guilt, or if you punish beyond the penalty due for the offence, you supply a motive, a vindictive motive, to perseverance in error.”

“This sentiment, dictated by humane feelings and good sense, Mr. Bell condemned in strong terms; and the drift of his observations was to the effect, that the youth himself would one day turn upon me, and cause me to rue beneath his reproaches the fatal indulgence of his first fault. He then launched into a vehement discourse on the delusive light in which the first fault is often viewed, and worked himself into such zeal, that I sat amazed: while Mr. Herbert, evidently no less surprised, interposed, and began to remonstrate against the cruelty of unrelenting justice.” pp. 181—183.

With this extract we close our brief notice of this entertaining little work, and beg leave to recommend it to our readers as a lively and correct description of the details of the process by which the 'woods are bowed beneath the sturdy stroke' of the adventurous emigrant, and the reign of civilisation extended over the vast solitudes of the unexplored wilderness.

---

ART. VI.—*Speeches on the Indian Bill; viz.—Of Messrs. Frelinghuysen, Sprague, and Robbins, in the Senate of the United States; and of Messrs. Storrs, Huntington, Bates, Everett, and others, in the House of Representatives, in the months of April and May, 1830.* Boston.

Perhaps no question, since the organization of the general government of the United States, has attracted more attention among the thinking members of our community, than the present controversy respecting Indian rights. Other questions have borne a more immediate relation to the present interests of the people. Embargo, war, commerce, the triumph of one political party and the defeat of another, are topics in which the mass of the inhabitants of a free country feel a deep interest, and on which they express their feelings strongly and simultaneously. It cannot be expected, that the condition of a few tribes of secluded Indians should at once claim and secure the sympathies of millions, who are occupied, if not engrossed, by their own pursuits, and who spend little time in contemplating the sufferings of men whom they never saw, or in attempting to redress grievances, which are totally different from any that are likely to be imposed upon themselves. Yet, with all the disadvantages of their situation, the Indians have found many thousands among the most intelligent, virtuous, and honorable of the American people, who would deal justly and faithfully by them, and who would make personal sacrifices of time, labor, and money, to protect and defend their rights. Indeed, so far as the people of the United States understand the subject, and are free from the influence of violent political partialities, their feelings are almost universally favorable to the claims of the Indians. All profess to wish well to the remnants of tribes still among us, and doubtless the great majority, with the qualification just mentioned, are sincere in their professions.